

And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirtie three yeares haue I bur gone in trauaile  
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre  
My heauie burthen are deliuered:  
The Duke my husband, and my children both,  
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuitie,  
Go to a Gossips feaſt, and go with mee,  
After ſo long greeſe ſuch Natiuitie.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Goffip at this feaſt.

*Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and  
two Brothers.*

S.Dro. Maſt. ſhall I fetch your ſtuſſe from ſhipbord?

E. An. Dromio, what ſtuſſe of mine haſt thou imbarke?

S.Dro. Your goods that lay at hoſt fir in the Centaur.

S. Ant. Helpeakes to me, I am your maſter Dromio.

Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,  
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him.

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſters houſe,  
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:

She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife,

E.D. Me thinks you are my glaſſe, & not my brother:  
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth,

Will you walke in to ſee their goſſipping?

S.Dro. Not I fir, you are my elder.

E.Dro. That's a queſtion, how ſhall we trie it.

S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,  
lead thou firſt.

E.Dro. Nay then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.



## Much adoe about Nothing.

### Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter Leonato Governour of Meſſina, Innogen his wife, He-  
ro his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a meſſenger.*

*Leonato.*

I Learne in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arra-  
gon, comes this night to Meſſina.

Meſſ. He is very neere by this: he was not  
three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you loſt in this  
action?

Meſſ. But few of any ſort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it ſelfe, when the atchieuer  
brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Pe-  
ter hath beſtowed much honor on a yong Florentine, cal-  
led Claudio.

Meſſ. Much deſeru'd on his part, and equally remem-  
bered by Don Pedro, he hath borne himſelfe beyond the  
promiſe of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the  
feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better betted expecta-  
tion, then you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vackle heere in Meſſina, wil be very  
much glad of it.

Meſſ. I haue alreadie deliuered him letters, and there  
appeares much ioy in him, euen ſo much, that ioy could  
not ſhew it ſelfe modeſt enough, without a badg of bit-  
terneſſe.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindneſſe, there are no fa-  
ces truer, then thoſe that are ſo waſh'd, how much bet-  
ter is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from  
the warres, or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, Lady, there was  
none ſuch in the armie of any ſort.

Leon. What is he that you aſke for Neece?

Hero. My couſin meanes Signior Benedicke of Padua.

Meſſ. O he's return'd, and as pleaſant as euer he was.

Bea. He ſet vp his bills here in Meſſina, & challeng'd  
Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the  
Challenge, ſubſcrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at  
the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and  
eaten in theſe warres? But how many hath hee kil'd? for  
indeed, I promiſ'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too  
much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſeruiſe Lady in theſe wars.

Bea. You had muſty victuall, and he hath holpe to  
eate it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an  
excellēt Romacke.

Meſſ. And a good ſouldier too Lady.

Bea. And a good ſouldier to a Lady. But what is he  
to a Lord?

Meſſ. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, ſtuſt with  
all honourable vertues.

Bea. It is ſo indeed, he is no leſſe then a ſtuſt man:  
but for the ſtuſſing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You muſt not (ſir) miſtake my Neece, there is  
a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedicke, & her:  
they neuer meet, but there's a ſkirmiſh of wit between  
them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt con-  
ſliſt, foure of his fine wits went halting off, and now is  
the whole man gouern'd with one: ſo that if hee haue  
wit enough to keepe himſelfe warme, let him beare it  
for a difference betweene himſelfe and his horſe: For it  
is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reaſo-  
nable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath  
euerie month a new ſworne brother.

Meſſ. I ſt poſſible?

Bea. Very eaſily poſſible: he weares his faith but as  
the faſhion of his hat, it euer changes with ſ next block.

Meſſ. I ſee (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your  
bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my ſtudy. But  
I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young  
ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the  
diuell?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble  
Claudio.

Bea. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a diſeaſe:  
he is ſooner caught then the peſtilence, and the taker  
runs preſently mad. God helpe the noble Claudio, if hee  
haue caught the Benedicke, it will coſt him a thouſand  
pound ere he be cur'd.

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You ſne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Meſſ. Don Pedro is approach'd.

*Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balſaſar,  
and Iohn the baſtard.*

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet  
your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to auoid coſt,  
and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my houſe in the likenes  
of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould  
remaiue: but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides,  
and happineſſe takes his leaue.